

And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,  
Vnto his feuerall Mistresse: which they'll know  
By fauours feuerall, which they did bestow.

*Queen.* And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:  
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,  
And not a man of them shall haue the grace  
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.  
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,  
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:  
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,  
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.  
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Lones  
Woo contrary, decei'd by these remoues.

*Rosa.* Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.  
*Kath.* But in this changing, What is your intent?

*Queen.* The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:  
They doe it but in mocking merriment,  
And mocke for mocke is ouly my intent.  
Their feuerall counsels they vnbo some shall,  
To Lones mistooke, and so be mockt withall.  
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,  
With Visages displayd to talke and greete.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?

*Queen.* No, to the death we will not moue a foot,  
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:  
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

*Boy.* Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,  
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.

*Queen.* Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,  
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.

Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.

So shall we stay mocking extended game,  
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

*Boy.* The Tromper sounds, be maskt, the maskers  
come.

*Enter Black-mooues with musicke, the Boy with a speech,  
and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

*Page.* All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

*Ber.* Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

*Page.* A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd  
their backs to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turne their backs to him.

*Ber.* Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

*Page.* That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.

*Out*

*Boy.* True, out indeed.

*Page.* Out of your fauours heavenly spirits vouchsafe  
Not to beholde.

*Ber.* Once to behold, rogue.

*Page.* Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,  
With your Sunne beamed eyes.

*Boy.* They will not answer to that Epythite,  
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

*Page.* They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

*Ber.* Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.

*Rosa.* What would these strangers?

Know their mindes *Boyet*.

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will

That some plaine man recount their purposes.

Know what they would?

*Boyet.* What would you with the Princes?

*Ber.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boy.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Rosa.* Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.

*Boy.* She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.

*King.* Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,

To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

*Boy.* They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,

To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

*Rosa.* It is not so. Aske them how many inches

Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,

The measure then of one is easlie told.

*Boy.* If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,

And many miles: the Princeesse bids you tell,

How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

*Ber.* Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

*Boy.* She heares her selfe.

*Rosa.* How manie wearie steps,

Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,

Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

*Ber.* We number nothing that we spend for you,

Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,

That we may doe it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,

That we (like sauages) may worship it.

*Rosa.* My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds doe.

Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,

(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.

*Rosa.* O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,

Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

*King.* Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.

Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

*Rosa.* Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.

Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus e-

stranged?

*Rosa.* You rooke the Moone at full, but now she's

changed?

*King.* Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

*Rosa.* The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to

it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legges should doe it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,

We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

*King.* Why take you hands then?

*Rosa.* Onelie to part friends.

Curtlie sweethearts, and so the Measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure, be not nice.

*Rosa.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?

*Rosa.* Your absence onelie.

*King.* That can neuer be.

*Rosa.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,

Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

*King.* If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In priuate then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

*Be.* White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

*Qu.* Hony, and Milke, and Sugar: there is three.

*Ber.* Nay then two tryes, an if you grow so nice

Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:

Theres halfe a dozen sweets.

*Qu.* Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,

He play no more with you.

*Ber.* One word in secret.

*Qu.* Let it not be sweet.

*Ber.* Thou greest my gall.

*Queen.*

*Qu.* Gall, bitter.

*Ber.* Therefore meete.

*Qu.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Qu.* Faire Ladies: haue you any word to say?

*Mar.* Say you so? Faire Lord: haue you any word to say?

Take you that for your faire Lady.

*Qu.* Please it you, bid adieu.

As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.

*Mar.* What was your vizard made without a tong?

*Long.* I know the reason Ladie why you aske.

*Mar.* O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

*Long.* You haue a double tongue within your mask.

And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.

*Mar.* Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a

Calfe?

*Long.* A Calfe faire Ladie?

*Mar.* No, a faire Lord Calfe.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Mar.* No, Ile not be your halfe.

Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.

*Long.* Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe

mockes.

Will you giue hornes chaff Ladie? Do not so.

*Mar.* Then die a Calfe before your hornes do grow.

*Long.* One word in priuate with you ere I die.

*Mar.* Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the Razors edge, inuisible:

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

Above the sence of sence so sensible:

Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,

Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, swifter things

*Rosa.* Not one word more my maides, breake off,

breake off.

*Ber.* By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

*King.* Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple

wits. *Exeunt.*

*Qu.* Twentie adieus may frozen Muscouits.

Are these the breed of wits so wondrous at?

*Boyet.* Tapets they are, with your sweete breathes

puft out.

*Rosa.* Wel-l-liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.

*Qu.* O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.

Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?

Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:

This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.

*Rosa.* They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was vweeping ripe for a good word.

*Qu.* *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

*Mar.* *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:

No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight vvas mute.

*Ka.* Lord *Longanill* said I came ore his hart:

And trow you vwhat he call'd me?

*Qu.* Qualme perhaps.

*Kat.* Yes in good faith.

*Qu.* Go sicknesse as thou art.

*Ros.* Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,

Ere vvil you heare; the King is my loue sworne.

*Qu.* And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

*Kat.* And *Longanill* was for my seruice borne.

*Mar.* *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and prettie mistresses giue care,

Immediately they will againe be heere

In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,

They will digest this harsh indignitie.

*Qu.* Will they returne?

*Boy.* They will they will, God knowes,

And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:

Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,

Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.

*Qu.* How blowv? how blowv? Speake to bee vnder-

stood.

*Boy.* Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:

Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,

Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

*Qu.* Auant perplexitie: What shall vve do,

If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?

*Rosa.* Good Madam, if by me you'll be aduis'd,

Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:

Let vs complaine to them vwhat fooles were heare,

Disguis'd like Muscouits in shapelesse geare:

And wonder what they were, and to what end

Their shallow shoues, and Prologue vildely pen'd:

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,

Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

*Queen.* Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and the rest.*

*King.* Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princeesse?

*Boy.* Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boy.* I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*

*Ber.* This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,

And vtters it againe, when *Lone* doth please.

He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,

At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.

And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,

Haue not the grace to grace it with such shew.

This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleuee.

Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.

He can carue too, and lisse: Why this is he,

That kist away his hand in courtlesie.

This is the Ape of *Forme*, Monsieur the nice,

That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice.

In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing

A meane most meanly, and in Visering

Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.

The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.

This is the flower that limles on euerie one,

To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.

And consciences that wil not die in debt,

Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,

That put *Armatboes* Page out of his part.

*Enter the Ladies.*

*Ber.* See where it comes. Behaiour what wer't thou.

Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

*King.* All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

*Qu.* Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Qu.* Then with me better, I wil giue you leaue.

*King.* We came to visit you, and purpose now

To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

*Qu.* This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:

The